



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

but rather a slowly-worked-out process of the heavenly in the earthly sphere. Limit of space precludes the giving of even a faint picture of the magnificent drama of this world-process as presented in Hegel's "Philosophy of History." Fortunately this work is well translated in "Bohn's Philosophical Library," and may be commended to the reader who desires to see these dry bones of his ethical system clad with all the beauty and vigor of incarnate, thinking will.

J. MACBRIDE STERRETT.

---

### A PALM OF PEACE FROM GERMAN SOIL.

"And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

FORTY years ago the pen of a woman played a considerable part in bringing about the abolition of slavery in America. If, as many of us to-day fervently wish, as some of us are sanguine enough to hope, the substitution of international courts of arbitration for the arbitrament of bloodshed be destined to form a main line of Western progress in the twentieth century, a woman's pen will again be entitled to count among the forces that have wrought the change. "The hour and the book" bids fair to apply to "Die Waffen nieder!"\* as it applied to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Thinkers, moralists, reconstructers of the social fabric, science, industry, commerce, the irresistible logic of the salient facts of modern life, have all been hard at work on the task of weakening in "civilized" man the ingrained fighting impulses inherited from his rough-hewn forefathers. "Sappers and miners" of this kind may ply their mattocks long before the strokes begin perceptibly to tell. Of a sudden there are signs that the old order is tottering. Its founda-

---

\* "Die Waffen nieder! Eine Lebensgeschichte" ("Lay down your Arms! The Story of a Life"), von Bertha von Suttner. 2 vols. E. Pierson, Dresden and Leipzig. 1891.

tions have been loosened and are giving way. The time is ripe for a fresh departure. Then, if the consecrated apostle be at hand to preach a new gospel with the compelling power of earnest conviction, many an ear will be strained to listen, many a hearer will be stirred to act. Mighty is the magic of glowing words from heart-depths aflame for a cause which has truth and reason on its side.

It is somewhat *bizarre* that a woman writing in the tongue of Moltke and Bismarck should have drawn up what is perhaps the most forcible protest ever uttered against the stupendous evils, the egregious madness, of war.

The appeal comes at the right moment. Never before has that eternal problem of our race, the betterment of the human lot, seized hold of men with the strong grasp by which it holds them now. Never before has its solution stood out to their vision so distinctly as the true goal for the highest effort of every successive generation. Never have the conditions of human life been so complicated, so perplexing, so urgent in their demands upon the abstract thinker and the practical reformer as in this day; never has there been such pressing need for the cultivation of the sympathetic, the repression of the anti-social tendencies of our nature.

The opinion of women on public matters is held of small account by Germans and but little encouraged to make itself heard. She who oversteps the limits assigned to the *Hausfrau* may expect to encounter a contemptuousness, a harsh censoriousness, that savor of the same *ancien régime* to which belongs the national partiality for soldiering and Martinet rule. When, therefore, as in the case of the author under consideration, a woman manages to obtain a respectful hearing from German men, it can be only by the grace of genius that the marvel is accomplished. The speedy and ungrudging recognition Frau von Suttner has received is striking. During the debate on the budget in the Austrian Chamber of Deputies on the 18th of April, 1890, the Minister of Finance, Herr von Dunajewski, felt impelled to say, "It is not a professional politician, it is a German lady, Bertha von Suttner, who in a recent work of fiction has drawn such a picture of

war as must send a shudder through every reader. I pray you to devote a few hours to that book. If any one, after having done so, still retains a passion for war, I can only sincerely pity him."

"This is not a mere book, it is an event," writes Herr Heinrich Hart in the daily *Rundschau*. The dictum of *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*, a leading German literary review, runs: "No literature and no language can point to any presentation of this subject so comprehensive, so exhaustive, and at the same time so enthralling. We are here dealing—and in this judgment many men of eminence concur—with the most important work of fiction treating of war that has ever appeared, and with one of the very highest achievements, moreover, in the range of contemporary *belles-lettres*." That distinguished authority, Friedrich von Bodenstedt, is "convinced the glorious book will become a standard work. Since Madame de Staël, no woman has wielded so potent a pen." Pages and pages might be filled with extracts from the numerous articles called forth by "Die Waffen nieder!" Many of them assume the proportions of treatises; nearly all sound the note of enthusiastic, unstinted praise, and even the few dissentients, for whom militarism still constitutes a sacred object of worship, do not conceal that the foe who seeks to destroy their idol is formidable.

People are accustomed, not without ground, to fight shy of novels with a purpose. The artist and the missionary do not make a good team. But the book, of which I am attempting to give a rough sketch to those who cannot read it in the original, forms one of several notable exceptions to the general rule.

Frau von Suttner has felt and written at a white heat. She was far too intent on making converts, on "crushing the infamous," to be thinking much of literary artifices, or of success from the literary point of view. This entire absence of self-consciousness lends to her fiction so illusive a semblance of fact that, regarded simply as a story, the work must rank high. The imagination of the authoress has been kindled at the fire of intensest feeling, guided by a virile faculty of reason-

ing closely and logically. She pierces to the marrow of the thing that has taken hold of her. By that thing she is verily possessed ; it has made of her a seer. Assuredly she has lived through all the sickening, gruesome, hideous, awful incidents and details of war, as Dante had actually trodden the circles of hell and tasted the beatitudes of heaven ; as Bunyan had been beset by the temptations and gnawed by the remorse of Christian ; as Defoe had known the horrible solitude of Crusoe's Island, the anguish of the castaway's yearning for companionship, the intoxicating joy of discovering the footprints in the sand. Minds of this particular and rare complexion are capable of a degree of self-detachment the rest of us can hardly understand. They lose themselves in the contemplation of a subject in which they have no personal stake whatever. Their vision does not get blurred by the disturbing action of egotism and vanity, and they look down into depths that to other eyes are obscure. Their imaginings have a verisimilitude, a living reality all their own, and the artistic value which their self-effacement stamps upon their creations is as distinctive as it is unpremeditated. No deliberate striving after effect could possibly have achieved the same result or have generated the spiritual force that emanates from such selfless, sincere service of an idea. To the possessors—they are few and far between, however—of minds of this peculiar order is vouchsafed the secret of preaching an evangel in the accents of a poet. They are the elect who may, if they like, embark on the risky enterprise of writing novels with a purpose, and nevertheless gather literary laurels by the way, probably the last thing they care for.

The form Frau von Suttner has chosen as a garment for her gospel is that of an autobiography. Martha von Althaus, afterwards Martha von Dotzky, finally Martha von Tilling, is the narrator. Her experiences as maiden, wife, mother, widow, and wife a second time serve for a thread whereon to string a chaplet of great, far-reaching events comprised within the period from 1859 to 1871. The historical panorama unrolled before us includes Solferino, Sadowa, Sedan. Martha is the daughter of a retired Austrian general, much given to

chewing the cud of an Italian campaign of his younger days under Radetzky; he adores his profession, and has brought up his brood in the cult of military glory. Martha's childish aspirations soar towards the rôle of a Joan of Arc. The famous captains of antiquity and Napoleon are the heroes of her girlhood. At her first ball, during the whirl of a waltz, a youthful lieutenant of hussars, Count Arno von Dotzky, makes her an offer of marriage, which she accepts on the spot. On both sides it is an extreme case of love at first sight. They are married on her eighteenth birthday, boy-husband and child-wife, with little or no thought for the seriousness of life. A brief year of undimmed joy is allotted them, and a son is born by whose cradle they build many castles in the air, all based on the wee Rudolph's future career as a soldier. Before the little "Corporal"—to that grade his fond parents have already advanced him—is three months old a small speck appears in the blue heaven of the young couple, which quickly and irresistibly grows into a black, tragedy-laden thunder-cloud. Trouble is brewing in Italy. Martha does not at once gauge the import of the threatening symptoms. The relations of Sardinia and Austria, Cavour's object in standing by the French emperor in the Crimea, Louis Napoleon's attitude to the house of Savoy,—how can these things affect *her*? But soon she beholds writ large in all its grimness the real meaning of those catchwords, "The privilege of dying the death of a patriot," "Glory and fame earned on the battle-field the prize of prizes," "Victory and the banners of Austria march side by side," "The Lord of hosts is with us," etc., to which she and the people of her world have been so glibly giving currency. Doubts spring up in her mind, and she begins to ask herself whether the traditional opinions concerning militarism and war are as valid as she had hitherto assumed. Gradually, both from without and within, her questionings are nourished to such a vigor of anti-military conviction that it thenceforth becomes the main purpose, the master-passion of the rest of her life, to open men's eyes to the folly, the blasphemy, the futility of war. The further she pursues the subject the more vividly does she

realize the incompatibility of the martial spirit with all that is most nobly characteristic of our time: the conquest of the forces of nature by science, the free development of peaceful industry, the systematic nurture of the altruistic and sympathetic instincts in man, on whose growth moral advance depends. But this is somewhat of a forestalling. To go back to the moment at which we left her with her future views yet in the germ. Martha's father and husband are impatient for the declaration of war. As the peace-barometer falls, their spirits rise. Neither the idolized wife nor the cherished baby "Corporal" has power to counterbalance the soldier's craving for an opportunity of winning renown and promotion. A feverish period of wearing anxiety, of nights sleepless, or haunted by torturing dreams of evil presentiments fed on the calamities that are daily darkening the homes of her neighbors, ensues for Martha. Then the tidings reach her that Arno has fallen, and a week or two later the crushed young widow learns from her father how Solferino has shattered all the brilliant expectations on which she and her nation had placed such heavy stakes. It is about this time, while Louis Napoleon and Cavour are busy settling the terms of the peace of Villafranca, that Martha, who with her boy is living in seclusion at her father's country-house, receives a parcel of books from Vienna. "See," she says to the general, "the bookseller sends us these on approval. He specially recommends a newly-published work by an English naturalist named Darwin, entitled 'The Origin of Species.' He says it is of high interest and likely to be epoch-making." "Tell the good man, my dear, to leave me out of his reckoning. Who on earth can have thought to spare for such trivialities at a critical moment like this? What can there be epoch-making for us human beings in a book about the species of animals and plants? The federation of the Italian States, the predominance of Austria in the German Union,—these, if you will, are matters of a wide bearing; they will figure in history long after any creature remembers so much as the mere name of this book. Mark my words." "I did mark them!"

In the foregoing passage is discernible an undercurrent which throughout pervades "Die Waffen nieder!" Frau von Suttner prostrates herself before the achievements of modern science; she is penetrated with the conceptions of modern philosophy; above all, with the conception of a social organism ever increasing in complexity, ever tending at the same time to absorb more and more completely each one of the component human atoms, whose active and conscious efforts towards collective, as well as individual, amelioration are the very essence of progress and, in the true sense, of religion. The shrill disharmony between such an ideal and the actual condition of our soldier-ridden Europe revolts her reason as it shocks her feeling. She sees in militarism the negation of the cardinal doctrines of nineteenth-century science and philosophy; a senseless obstruction to the healthy evolution of civilized life; an influence so baneful to the finer elements of man's nature that it must be reckoned a moral poison.

Two years of widowhood have toned down Martha's poignant sorrow for her lieutenant of hussars into gentle regret. She is conscious of a change in herself in which he never could have shared. Had he lived, they must inevitably have drifted further and further apart. She now meets in Baron von Tilling the man fitted to be a mate to her in the fullest sense. He, too, is an officer in the Austrian army, but, unlike Arno von Dotzky, he has come to recognize with pain that his calling is an anachronism; that the aims, objects, and desires of the soldier run directly counter to the true interests of mankind; that the whole constitution of military life teems with evil. The promptings of his heart, reinforced by Martha's growing abhorrence of war, urge him to throw up his profession. But he is poor and proud, and for a time circumstances thwart his eager wish. The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty comes to a head, and he receives orders to join his regiment at the very moment when his wife is in the throes of giving birth to his first child. Agonized with grief, he is forced to leave her alone in her hour of trial, and to hurry to the scene of action, without knowing how it has gone with her. This harrowing episode is preceded by a masterly historical expo-



sition. In a vein of pungent sarcasm the writer sets herself to unravel the bewildering tangle of events and genealogies accountable for the collision between Denmark and the German powers. With scathing irony does she lay bare the emptiness of the far-fetched, absurd pretexts for the quarrel, so dexterously made instrumental to Prussia's schemes of aggrandizement. Frau von Suttner's dissection of an *imbroglio* whose baffling twists and turns run the "Eastern question" hard, is a brilliant performance.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair is over. Friedrich von Tilling has gathered fresh experiences—many of them told in his letters to Martha—which throw into stronger prominence than ever the monstrosity of war. After his return to his adoring wife, they are both perpetually occupied with the problem: how to bring an altered state of feeling; how to form an altered public opinion in regard to international relations and the adjustment of international disputes. The sinister influences to be combated, as Friedrich and Martha know full well, are formidable; but those influences move against, not with the current of two great forces of our time: the thought of the foremost thinkers, the rapidly-growing sense of an identity of interests among the workers of the West. Therein lies the hope of the "wild dreamer," the "idealist," the "Don Quixote," as it is usual to label him, who believes in the possibility of extirpating from the social organism a devouring cancer.

It is the deliberate policy of the governing class in every military state to neglect no expedient, to leave untried no blandishment that can serve to foster a martial spirit. The babe in the cradle is not deemed too young, the nonagenarian on the edge of the tomb not too old, to be wrought upon. Tin soldiers and a drum for the one, crosses and stars for the other, are effectually seductive. The schoolmaster and the professor are utilized as recruiting sergeants. The so-called teaching of history concerns itself chiefly with battles and dates of battles, and with the exploits of successful conquerors. The noble word "patriotism" is seldom uttered save in connection with bloodshed, with injury or insult inflicted on

another people ; and it is rare for any stress to be laid on the numberless ways, apart from fighting, wherein the citizen, to whom the land of his birth is dear, may, by personal sacrifices for its welfare, prove himself a patriot. Everything is done that can be done to manufacture from the masculine raw material of the country an abundant supply of willing targets for the latest development in rifles. The girls—shut out from the cannon- and bayonet-hedged avenue which leads to fame—are taught to covet inordinately the reflected glory of becoming the wives and mothers of soldiers. And for the “children of a larger growth” than those caught with the bait of Nuremberg toys, there are the real, living, breathing prototypes of the tin infantry and cavalry, the military bands, the parades, the reviews, the *Kriegspiel*, the camps, the mock-battles, the eagles red and black of the first, second, and third class, and all the rest of the paraphernalia. Not least efficacious in bolstering up the system are the sophistries to which its guardians have recourse. On this point let us hear Frau von Suttner.

“To nothing does the legend of the Hydra so fittingly apply as to that monstrous entity: stereotyped opinion. You chop off one of its argument-heads, and are proceeding to send the next one after, when lo! up starts the first again, set on as firmly as ever.

“My father had a few stock justifications of war which defied destruction :

“‘1. Wars are made by God, the Lord of Hosts, instituted by Himself. Witness the Holy Scriptures.

“‘2. Wars have in all times been, and will therefore always be.

“‘3. But for such occasional decimation, the peoples would multiply too fast.

“‘4. Unbroken peace is relaxing, enervating; like the stagnant water of a marsh, it breeds putrefaction,—namely, corruption of manners.

“‘5. Wars are the main generators of self-sacrifice, of heroism ; in short, they are moral tonics.

“‘6. To all time will there be dissension among men. Never can complete agreement be possible as to what is each man’s due. Opposing interests must constantly clash ; eternal peace, then, is inconceivable.’

“None of these propositions, and certainly not a single inference deducible from them, can hold its ground against a well-aimed thrust. But each in turn will serve its defender as an intrenchment when he has been made to surrender the others ; and as the new intrenchment topples over, the old one rears itself up again.

“For instance, if, driven into a corner, the war-champion finds himself unable to maintain point four, and is brought to admit that peace beseems human dig-

nity better than war, brings more happiness, is more conducive to culture, he forthwith shifts his position and answers, 'Well, yes; war may have its evil sides, but on grounds one and two it is unavoidable.'

"If you thereupon show that it might be avoided by means of state-federation, courts of arbitration and the like, there comes the rejoinder: 'Well, yes; it might, but *should* not for reason five.'

"The advocate of peace now upsets objection five, and urges that, on the contrary, war renders man coarse and brutal.

"'Well, yes; there is something in that, but point three——' You may not exactly in so many words formulate the whole train of reasoning here set forth, but you instinctively feel that the famous point three has a flaw, and is anyhow being used against you disingenuously. You content yourself with quoting the old proverb, 'There's no fear the trees will grow up to the sky,' and besides 'tis not the bogie of over-population our rulers have in their mind's eye.

"'Agreed; but then point one——' And thus the controversy moves round and round in a circle from which there is no outlet."

The war of 1864 soon proved disastrously reproductive. 1866 opened amidst ominous signs. Austria and Prussia were gnarling over the bone wrested from Denmark, and Louis Napoleon stood by calculating what might be got for his own ends out of the mutual jealousies of the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburger. There is the usual preliminary exchange of diplomatic notes, the usual asseveration on both sides that each is arming purely with a view to self-defence, the usual fanning of the flame by the press. At last comes the ultimatum, its rejection, the declaration of war, and by the month of June the ghastly carnage is in full swing. Once more Friedrich von Tilling is torn from his wife and ordered into the thick of the fight. After awhile Martha's terror for his safety, the misery of her suspense as to his fate, rise to such a pitch that, unknown to any one, she steals away from her father's house and makes for Bohemia. It is in this part of the book that the power of the authoress is most fully revealed. One would swear that the descriptions—some in the form of extracts from Tilling's letters, before Martha has gone in search of him, others in that of entries in her diary after she has started on her adventurous journey—must be the records of an eye-witness, so instinct are they with living reality. Such pictures of the atrocities and horrors of war have probably never before been produced by either pen or pencil. Yet

they are wholly free from vulgar sensationalism, They bear the unmistakable stamp of sober and therefore appalling truth. Here are a few samples. Some reflections of Friedrich's at the outset of the campaign, suggested by the efforts of his good friend, Dr. Bresser, to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded, may serve as prelude.

"When one comes to think of it, is not *humanity* in warfare a self-contradictory notion, an incongruity? It is much of a muchness with 'enlightened faith.' One or the other; but love of one's fellow-creatures and war, reason and dogma, do not go together. Downright red-hot hatred of our enemies, coupled with absolute disregard for human life,—there you have the very marrow of warfare, just as the unquestioning suppression of reason constitutes the fundamental condition of faith. But we live in an age of compromise. Old institutions and new ideas are both alike potent influences."

Another passage from a letter of Friedrich's :

"A detachment of artillery is crowded together on a steep, rain-sodden roadway. The cannon sink over their wheels in mud. By stress only of terrible exertion, dripping with perspiration and urged on by merciless blows, do the horses succeed in extricating themselves. But one of them, already tired to death, can do no more. Flogging will not avail; it wished to work—it cannot, it *cannot*. The man who is raining down blows on the unhappy beast, does he not see that the case is hopeless? Had the brutal fellow been the driver of a cart carrying blocks of stone for building purposes, the first policeman at hand, nay, I myself, would have arrested him. But this cannoner in charge of the cruelly-weighted wagon was doing only his duty. Of that the horse could know nothing; the tortured, willing, noble creature that had struggled to the extreme verge of its strength, what must it have thought of such pitilessness, such senselessness?—thought,—that is, as animals think, not in words or with a definite conception, but through the medium of sensations all the more intense that they are inarticulate. One only utterance is there for such suffering—a cry of pain. And what a cry it was, that of the poor horse as it dropped down at last, a cry so long drawn out, so plaintive, that it still rings in my ears, that it haunted me the following night in a dream,—a horrible dream. How shall I tell it to you? Dreams are so incoherent that language devised for the purposes of coherent thought is ill qualified to reproduce them. Methought I was the dumb consciousness of misery of such an overtasked artillery horse,—nay, not of one horse, but of a hundred thousand horses, for in my dream I rapidly worked out the total number of horses that perish in a campaign, and the sum of misery likewise seemed to multiply itself a hundred thousand-fold."

The reflections of the dream-horses (left to the reader's imagination) are supposed to wind up thus :

"For to men it is made clear why their lives are exposed to danger; they know the whither, the wherefore. But we unfortunate wretches know nothing: around us all is horror and darkness. Men, anywise, go forth against the enemy side by side with trusty friends; enemies alone surround us on every side. Our own masters, whom we would serve with such loving devotion, for whom we would toil with our utmost strength, they fell us down with blows and leave us helplessly lying. And oh! what agony that means; we tremble till a cold sweat runs off our bodies; we thirst,—for we too suffer fever,—oh! that thirst, that unspeakable thirst of a hundred thousand of us bleeding, ill-treated horses! Here I awoke."

So far Friedrich has been spokesman. Martha must have her turn. She is waiting at a road-side station on her way to Bohemia.

"Here too the Sisters were already busy performing their offices of mercy. Such food and drink as were by hook or by crook obtainable they handed round to the wounded; but in many instances nothing was to be had; the resources of the refreshment-rooms were mostly exhausted. The hurly-burly at the railway stations, especially the more important ones, was maddening. It was like a nightmare. The running to and fro; the wild confusion; troops in readiness for starting; fugitives; bearers of the sick and disabled; groups of bleeding, moaning soldiers; women sobbing and wringing their hands; screaming voices; harsh shouts of command; crowds in every direction; nowhere a clear passage to tread along; mountains of heaped-up luggage; implements of war, cannon; horses and bellowing cattle close beside the platform;—in the midst of it all, the continuous tinkle of the telegraph;—trains rushing through filled, or rather crammed, with the reserve forces sent on from Vienna,—all these impressions, intermixed in a crazy jumble, stamped themselves on my bewildered brain. Those soldiers from Vienna were packed into third- and fourth-class compartments, or even into cattle and goods trucks just like beasts on their way to the shambles. And, in fact,—the thought would not be repressed,—what else could they be called? Were they not being dragged to a butchery in the great political market, where bargains are driven in flesh-food for cannon (*'chair à canon'*)? There they whirl past! A mad roar—was it a war-song?—sounds across, drowning the rattle of the wheels; a minute, and the train has disappeared. Swift as the wind it bears a portion of its freight to certain death,—yes, *certain* death. Though no individual among them can say of himself that he is sure to fall, a fixed percentage of the whole number is doomed. Armies setting out for the battlefield, moving—mounted or on foot—along the road-way,—well! about them there may yet linger something of the poetry of a remote past. But the modern railway, that symbol of the culture which binds the peoples of the earth together, turned to the uses of barbarism let loose: that is too incongruous, too abominable a combination! Again the telegraphic bell,—how even *it* can be made to jar upon the ear!—that glorious trophy of the conquering intellect, which found a way to flash the thoughts of men from land to land! All these miracles of the new era, meant to stimulate intercourse among nations, to make life easier, to

beautify, to enrich it, are now misused by the Old-World institution that strives to cleave nations asunder, to cheapen human life. 'Behold our railways and our telegraphs! We are a civilized people!' Such is our boastful attitude towards savage tribes, the while we are applying these precious acquisitions to a hundred fresh developments of our own savagery."

The pestilential seeds contained in the miasma of the battle-grounds, the camp-hospitals, the hastily-dug and overcrowded graves of the fallen, ripen apace to a harvest of terror—cholera. The fell disease follows close in the track of the war, mowing down its victims by hundreds and thousands. Within a few brief days it carries off Martha's father, her brother, and her two younger sisters, a pair of gracious and graceful maidens, who, with their betrothed husbands, Conrad von Althaus and Prince Heinrich of Reuss, have flitted brightly through the story. Martha is now the sole representative of the family, and sole heiress of the general's fortune. Every chord of her being is unstrung; her Friedrich's love alone sustains her. But the curse that has blasted her house spurs her to fresh efforts in the great cause of peace. Thenceforth it shall be the supreme task of her life to assail more energetically than ever the opinions still prevalent in regard to war. Maybe she can help to hasten the day when the monster will no longer have power to pierce other women's hearts as he has pierced hers. The affluence unexpectedly cast in her lap by the bony fingers of Death sets her and Tilling free to give themselves up unhampered to their self-imposed mission. On All-Souls' Day (November 2), 1866, as a sort of consecration of their resolve, husband and wife make a pilgrimage to the graves of Königgrätz. Martha describes the impressive scene:

"We had now reached the spot where most of the combatants lay buried,—friend and foe side by side. The place had been railed off as a graveyard, and hither streamed the greater number of the mourners, for in all likelihood it was here that their dead had been laid to rest. In this enclosure the bereaved ones knelt and gave vent to their sobs; here they hung up their wreaths and their votive lights.

"A tall, slender man, youthful and of distinguished aspect, wrapped in a general's mantle, approached the mound. The others fell back respectfully, and I heard voices whispering,—

"'The Emperor' . . .

"Yes, it was Francis Joseph, the head of the State, the commander-in-chief, himself, who had come this All-Souls' Day to offer up a silent prayer for the dead children of the land, for its fallen warriors. He too stood with bowed, uncovered head, paying mournful tribute to the majesty of death. Long did he stand there motionless. I could not cease to gaze upon him. What were the thoughts that crowded through his mind, what feelings stirred his heart? It seemed to me as though I followed in the wake of his own sensations, as though it were given me to think the very thoughts passing athwart his low-bent head.

. . . "'You, my poor brave fellows . . . dead . . . and wherefore? We have not even conquered. . . . My Venice! lost! . . . So much, so much is lost! . . . your young lives, too. And you gave them with such generous sacrifice . . . for me. . . . Oh, that I could give them back again! Not for myself did I ask the sacrifice,—for your own, for your country's good, O sons of my empire, were you led into this war . . . and not through me, although at my word of command . . . was I not *forced* to utter that command? My subjects do not exist for my sake; it is for theirs I occupy the throne. . . . And at any moment would I be ready to die for my people's welfare. . . . Ah, had I but followed the impulse of my heart, refusing my assent when all those around me clamored for "War, war!" Yet . . . could I have withstood? God is my witness I could not. . . . What urged me, what compelled me. . . . I can no longer clearly define; but this much I do know: it was an irresistible pressure from without,—from yourselves, ye dead soldiers. . . . Oh, how sad, sad, sad! What unspeakable sufferings have been yours, and now you lie here and on other battle-fields, swept away by cartridges and sword-thrusts, by cholera and typhoid fever! . . . Oh, if I could but have said my "Nay;" you wanted it, Elizabeth. . . . Oh, that I had done so! The thought is unbearable that . . . Ah, it is a wretched, a blemished world . . . too much, too much of misery!"

"And still, while his thoughts went surging through me, my eyes were fixed upon him, and now it was, 'too much, too much of misery.' With both his hands he covered up his face and broke forth into bitter tears.

"Thus it came to pass that All-Souls' Day of 1866 upon the battle-field of Sadowa."

In 1868 and 1869, Friedrich and Martha visit Italy and Paris. They wish to learn how their question of questions is looked upon in other countries, and how they can themselves most effectually work into the hands of the scattered friends of arbitration and peace. Paris proves so stimulating and congenial, so promising a centre of action, that they determine to spend a portion of each year there in a home of their own. In the early spring of 1870 they return to the gay and brilliant city, which, as yet, is blissfully unaware of its impending fate. A suitable house, in process of erection, is in

the market; the Tillings buy it, and their building operations detain them in town after the rest of the fashionable world has dispersed for the summer *villeggiatura*. In this way it comes about that the outbreak of war finds them in the midst of the excited *boulevardiers*, who are shouting themselves hoarse with cries of "À Berlin! A Berlin!" Nothing fore-shadows the vast proportions the conflict is to assume, least of all that it will be fought out to the bitter end on French soil; so the pair of married lovers remain. And when day by day and hour by hour the situation grows more critical, and they at last prepare to leave, Martha, whose nervous system has been fearfully overwrought by continuous agitation, breaks down, and is threatened with brain fever. To remove her is no longer possible; shut up, consequently, in Paris, she and her husband have no choice but to go through all the experiences of the siege. Thus does a sequence of accidental circumstances lead to their becoming bystanders, while the whole series of tremendous events of the Franco-German war is enacted, from the hour when Prim offers Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern the crown of Spain to that dark day when the unchained, seething passions of the Commune hold Paris in their cruel grip. A dark day truly for Martha! A letter found upon Friedrich, bearing the postmark of Berlin, suffices to inflame the thirst for vengeance of a fanatical and infuriated mob. A wild cry goes up: "*À mort—à mort le Prussien!*" On the 1st of February, 1871, Tilling is dragged before a tribunal of "Patriots" . . . and shot as a spy!

The bare, bald outline of "Die Waffen nieder!" which is all I have been able to attempt, can give but a faint, feeble idea of its power and pathos, and none at all of the many light and humorous touches, the well-drawn minor characters, the thrilling episodes, the piquant glimpses of the great world of Austria and France, which relieve the gloom of the tragic story. Like a stream whose course we follow from source to ocean, the narrative flows on, embanked by events that form part of history, and carries us past a succession of ever-changing scenes. The two eminent qualities of the writer are her unsurpassed faculty for painting pictures that live, and



her equal capacity for perceiving and turning to fullest account every resource that logical reasoning can furnish, wherewith to point the moral of those pictures.

The distinguished French critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, has been nicknamed by the wits of Paris "*Monsieur la scène à faire*," because of his persistency in exacting of the playwright that, from a given situation, he shall extract every moment of dramatic interest latent within it. Frau von Suttner sets to work on Monsieur Sarcey's lines. She has not overlooked or neglected a single point that bears on her case or can strengthen it. The first impressions of the nursery, the bribery of the toy-shop, the pernicious lessons of the dame, the schoolmaster, and the professor, the seductions of the drawing-room and the ball-room, the sophistries of the would-be patriot, the self-delusions of chivalrous youth, the traditions of courts and aristocracies, the conservatism of statesmen, the tenacity of vested interests, the glaring discrepancies between the precepts of Christianity and the practice of militant Christians, the false and foolish standards, the distorted ideals whereby individuals and nations shape conduct,—all these threads, and more, her shuttle has skilfully thrown to and fro and woven into a close web of argument there is no destroying. With Herr von Dunajewski one is inclined to say, on closing the book, The reader who can put it down unshaken in his belief that war is a necessary factor in modern life must be harder of heart than of head.

This position does not, however, imply a denial of the truth that war has been one of the prime formative influences of the human race. To ignore its large share in the training of mankind were alike unphilosophic and ungrateful. War has bred noble virtues; it has formed precious habits,—physical courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, ardor for impersonal objects, subordination of private interests to the common weal. During long ages it was, next to religion, the strongest of the disciplinary forces so indispensable to man, and the one best adapted to his early state. By slow degrees and many transitions it moulded the savage into the citizen; and perhaps—as a renowned philosopher has claimed for it—military disci-

pline will to all time typify the spirit in which each one of us should serve the community. Be it more than ever open to the "soldier of humanity" to fight bloodless battles against the manifold evils that oppress his fellow-creatures, and to gain triumphant victories over ignorance and wrong-doing! But let us henceforth relegate actual, literal militarism and warfare to their resting-place in the pages of history and the pious memories of men, where slumber in honor so many other institutions and creeds, now effete, that have done splendid service in their day. We will embody them with the sum total of beneficent influences of the past to which we owe a deep and lasting debt. That debt we can best endeavor to repay by substituting new moral convictions and new moral forces for those we hold to be worn out. The era of science and industry, the *régime* of human providence, must rest on another basis than war.

FANNY HERTZ.

---

## AUTHORITY IN THE SPHERE OF CONDUCT AND INTELLECT.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, in an article on "Cardinal Newman's Scepticism," recently published in the *Nineteenth Century* (1891, p. 188), says that the word "authority" may mean two different things. "Authority, when I speak as a historian or a man of science, is a name for evidence. Authority, as used by a lawyer, is a name for coercion, whether physical or moral."

I propose to use the word "authority" in the sense of the power which, in the sphere of conduct, in the long run determines our practice, and in the sphere of intellect in the long run determines our assent; admitting, at the same time, that the two spheres are by no means always distinct in human life as we know it.

It is not necessary for me to say a word on the importance of this subject, either in itself or in reference to the present time. Every one who observes human life at all must ac-